

ARNOTT.

August Steinke left for the woods, Tu says.

Three Okray boys have enrolled at the district school.

Charley Iverson installed a telephone in the Penney office, Monday.

Henry N. Olson, wife and children, of Waupaca, have been visiting among old friends and neighbors the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Simonis, of Roshoit, have been spending a few days the past week at the home of Peter Koltz.

The Modern Woodmen will give their Thanksgiving dance on Thursday evening, Nov. 26. Everybody invited to come and have a good time.

Mrs. Gilbert Newby and daughter Violet returned from Milwaukee, Saturday night, where they went to get special treatment for Miss Violet's eyes.

Walter Barnesdale will give one of his moving pictures shows in M. W. A. hall, Saturday evening. Come one and all, as Mr. Barnesdale will be sure to please you.

Albert Neuman went down to Oshkosh, Friday, to see his brother Charley, who was taken there some two weeks ago. Albert reports he did not find his brother improving as fast as he could wish.

Frank Benson arrived from Canada Saturday morning, called here by the death of his son's wife. Many old friends were glad to shake hands with Frank again after six years' absence. He left for his home in Macoan again Tuesday.

For the third time in the last eight weeks the G. B. & W. road has made a change in agents, C. A. Russell of Stevens Point succeeding Merle Safford, the latter leaving for Green Bay Tuesday. Mr. Safford has made numerous friends during his short stay here, all of whom will be sorry to see him leave.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Ida Benson, which occurred at her home last Thursday morning at 5 o'clock. Mrs. Benson was sick only three days with the disease from which she died, and all that medical skill and loving hands could do proved of no avail. Her death was caused by catarrh eating into a vein in the nostrils, causing hemorrhage of the nose, from which she gradually grew weaker, finally passing away at the time above stated. Ida Steinke was born in the town of Stockton, June 11, 1883, and was therefore in the 26th year of her age. She was married to Royal Benson, April 4, 1905, and was the mother of two children, Nile, a boy two years of age, and an infant daughter three weeks old. In the death of Mrs. Benson a good wife and neighbor has gone and the sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved husband and relatives. The funeral was held from the Neuman M. E. church at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Rev. Carl Schmidt of the Stevens Point Lutheran church officiating, followed by interment in Oak Grove cemetery at Arnott. The pallbearers were Elmer Carley, Charley Breitenstein, Peter Koltz, Bert Skalitzky, Edwin Ward and M. O'Keefe. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. Mr. Benson and Mrs. S. Steinke and family desire to express their grateful appreciation for the many kind words and deeds extended by neighbors and friends.

KNOWLTON.

Sadie La Du, of Mosinee, spent Thursday with Knowlton friends.

Alois Stark and son Joseph transacted business in Mosinee, Monday.

Mrs. H. Stark and son Charlie were among Stevens Point business people, Monday.

The Misses Rose and Louise Guenther, of Wausau, were over Sunday visitors with Knowlton relatives.

Delbert Wilson, of Stevens Point, a former Knowlton resident, enjoyed the hunting season about his old home here.

Miss Frances Squavloski left Monday noon for Stevens Point where she will remain some time with her sister, Mrs. E. Pagel.

Miss Evelyn Knoller, of Dancy, gave music lessons at Knowlton Saturday. Miss Evelyn exhibits quite a natural talent for music.

Miss Harriett Armstrong, of Grand Rapids, stenographer in the national bank in that city, enjoyed Sunday with Knowlton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Bright and family are now pleasantly settled on the Alois Stark farm. We are glad to welcome this family to our vicinity.

Miss Alma Becker, our village school teacher, enjoyed the teachers' convention held in Milwaukee last week. Miss Becker reports a very agreeable and interesting session.

Mrs. F. A. Richmond and little Ione Gardiner, the latter of Oshkosh, arrived Thursday night. Mrs. Richmond spent several days there with her daughter, Mrs. A. Gardiner.

Our popular chairman, A. Guenther, is home from attending quite a long session of the county board, held at Wausau. While he did not contract

scarlet fever that has broken out there, he caught a severe cold.

A large crew of men and teams are logging the John Week Lumber Co. timber. The tract is about three miles from Knowlton, and was in the path of our great forest fires this fall, which necessitated logging it this season.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Guenther entertained the Guenther families, Saturday night, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Guenther, who returned Thursday from an extended wedding trip. Covers were laid for twenty guests and it proved a very enjoyable reunion.

MECHANIC.

Mrs. Cledenning visited in Stevens Point on Monday.

Clark Smith, of Strong's Prairie, is visiting friends here.

Several from here attended the stock fair at Grand Rapids last week.

Ten above zero Monday night. A sure sign that winter is not far off.

Perry Slack and L. T. Fox are in the vicinity of Mercer on a hunting trip.

Walter Clussman has gone to Sauk Rapids, Minn., to work in a paper mill for the winter.

Robert, Harry and Wallace Slack, George and Lennie Warner have gone to the pineries to work during the winter.

A. E. Pike and daughter, who had been visiting here for a couple of weeks, returned home to Adams county, Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lutz mourn the loss of an infant son. Their many friends sympathize with them in their affliction.

Fred Fox and wife visited with the former's sister, Mrs. Geo. Roe, at Saratoga, Wood county, last Wednesday and Thursday.

AMHERST.

T. T. Loberg transacted business in Stevens Point, Monday.

Art. Wilmet has a crew of Indians clearing land for him.

Joe Stadtmuller, of Lanark, has moved his family to Colby.

August Price transacted business in Waupaca last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fletcher, of Buena Vista, did shopping here Friday.

Mrs. A. Anderson, of Manitowoc, is staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Foxen.

The Misses Belva Foxen and Olga Morat spent Sunday with their friend, Miss Mayne Eben, at Lime Lake.

The wages for laborers at the coaling station was reduced from \$1.80 to \$1.40 per day. Verily, prosperity has returned.

Mrs. Kedelia Foster, who has been housekeeper at J. Carlton's for about three years, returned to her home in Berlin, Vermont, last Friday.

Amherst deer hunters returned from the happy hunting grounds last Monday. W. Peterson got two, August Milbret two, Chas. Barts one and May Aldrich one.

The Misses Frankie and Mary Alice Seaman, who spent the summer at the home of their aunt, Mrs. J. J. Nelson, returned to their home in Rea, Mo., last Thursday. The young ladies were the recipients of many social attentions while here, a farewell party being given in their honor one evening last week. A return visit is looked for at no great distant date.

Grand Rapids the Victors.

The High school was defeated by the Grand Rapids High at the fair grounds, last Saturday, by a score of 12 to 4. Grand Rapids has won the championship of the valley by its victories over Wausau and Stevens Point. The game Saturday was fast and snappy. Woodworth secured the points for the locals immediately after the start of the game by a difficult dropkick from the 40 yard line. Smith and Earley were responsible for most of the gains made by the Grand Rapids team. The lineup follows:

Stevens Point—	Grand Rapids—
Love.....re.....	Smith
Weltman.....rt.....	Berg
Harriman.....rg.....	Bender
Dobeck.....c.....	Natwick
Grant.....lg.....	Wasser
Pierce.....it.....	Arpin
Edwards.....le.....	Arpin
Griffin.....qb.....	Earley
Ondracek.....rh.....	Brown
Bigelow.....lh.....	Wood
Woodworth.....fb.....	Smith
Henry Curran, umpire; C. W. Otto, referee.	

Prominent Polish Farmer Dead.

The death of Bernard Kruizki, a prominent Polish farmer of the town of Stockton, whose home was east of Custer, came very suddenly last Wednesday. He had not been in robust health for the past few years, the result of an attack of pneumonia, but had been about and able to attend his farm duties, even up to the day of his demise. That day he drove to Custer to get a load of coal, and on his return was taken with a severe coughing spell, followed by a hemorrhage, due to the bursting of a blood vessel, and passed away in about 20 minutes, before medical assistance could be secured. Mr. Kruizki was a prosperous farmer, about 35 years of age, and is survived by a large family. The funeral was held from the Catholic church at Polonia, last Friday morning, Rev. T. Malkowski officiating, with interment in the adjoining cemetery, and was one of the largest seen there in a long time.

Fish Stories.

Poets say when mortal bones seek the realm of Davy Jones They still suffer a sea chance Into something rich and strange. They shall turn to coral rare. Pearl and amber past compare, And, reposing in the tide, Be extremely glorified.

Also beautiful and grand Grow the fish that die on land. Are they short? They shall be long. Are they weak? They shall be strong. Are they high? They gain in pounds. If others, their fame resounds. So they suffer a land change. Into something new and strange.

—New York Sun.

Most Men Would Want \$1,000.

"What are your thoughts?" asked one of the visitors at the summer garden, "when you are whirling through the air in making that awful dive to the tank below?"

"I always think I ought to be getting about \$750 a day doing it," replied the high diver.—Chicago Tribune.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Junk Dealing a Great Industry.

But few of the thousands of people who see an "old iron" man poking through a heap of rubbish realize that the junk business in this country has grown to stupendous proportions. In Philadelphia last year over \$25,000,000 changed hands in dealing in old metal, ranging from the trivial sums paid to the men who search the alleys for small discarded articles to the many thousands of dollars paid for machinery from dismantled factories.

The Pennsylvania railroad alone disposes of from 10,000 to 20,000 tons of waste material a month to Philadelphia dealers. This is chiefly worn-out rolling stock and rails. The company which controls the street railways of that city disposes of almost an equal amount, and hundreds of other industrial concerns add their quota. Popular Mechanics

The Suffocated Duck.

"There's one thing I'm glad of," said a chef. "Canton rouenais is dying out."

"Is it a disease?"

"No; it's a duck. It's the duck of Rouen, a famous duck which you kill by suffocation. When you order Canton rouenais at a fashionable restaurant you may be sure that it is not suffocated for you as cruelly as though you had been Nero."

"But every now and then, after eating Canton rouenais, people take sick and die. Foreign physicians, studying the matter, show us that the blood of a suffocated duck is apt to turn violently poisonous that you may be eating Canton rouenais or you may be taking the equivalent of a deadly dose of prussic acid."

"Yes, the Canton rouenais of late has avenged itself on so many of its torturers that I don't think it will be long now before the suffocation of ducks will cease."—Exchange.

He Required Time.

Just before Mark Twain's daughter, Miss Clara Clemens, sailed for Europe she attended a reception, at which she met one of the friends of her Hartford childhood who had been a very small boy, but had grown to be an unusually tall man. Thinking that Mark might not remember the friend, she said to her father:

"You remember Tom Jones, father?"

"I remember part of him," replied Mark, peering up at Jones, "but it seems to me it would take a week to remember all of him."—Harper's Weekly

Inconsistent.

The East Asiatic Lloyd of Shanghai publishes a string of verses by one Richard Neumann, the burden of which could be expressed in the words, "I'm not marry." In the next column Richard Neumann's name appears in an advertisement stating that the poet is willing to serve as witness at marriages at the following prices:

"In 5 o'clock dress, 2 taels.

"Cutaway coat and light trousers, 3 taels.

"Clawhammer coat, high hat, etc. 4 taels.

"Wearing all his decorations, 5 taels.

"Pay must be in advance, and witness must be invited to the meal following the ceremony."

ABOUT ADVERTISING—NO. 3

How to Write Retail Advertising Copy

By Herbert Kaufman.

A skilled layer of mosaics works with small fragments of stone—they fit into more places than the *larger* chunks.

The skilled advertiser works with small words—they fit into *more* minds than *big* phrases.

The simpler the language the greater certainty that it will be understood by the *least* intelligent reader.

The construction engineer plans his roadbed where there is a *minimum of grade*—he works along the lines of *least resistance*.

The advertisement which runs into mountainous style is badly surveyed—all minds are not built for *high level thinking*.

Advertising must be simple. When it is tricked out with the jewelry and silks of literary expression it looks as much out of place as a *ball dress at the breakfast table*.

The buying public is only interested in facts. People read advertisements to find out *what you have to sell*.

The advertiser who can fire the *most facts* in the shortest time gets the *most returns*. Blank cartridges make noise but they do not hit—blank talk, however clever, is only wasted space.

You force your salesmen to keep to solid facts—you don't allow them to sell muslin with quotations from Omar or trousers with excerpts from Marie Corelli. You must not tolerate in your *printed selling talk* anything that you are not willing to countenance in *personal salesmanship*.

Cut out clever phrases if they are inserted to the sacrifice of clear explanations—*write copy as you talk*. Only be more brief. Publicity is costlier than conversation—ranging in price downward from \$6.00 a line, talk is not cheap but the most expensive commodity in the world.

Sketch in your ad to the stenographer. Then you will be so busy *"saying it"* that you will not have time to bother about the gewgaws of writing. Afterwards take the type-written manuscript and cut out every word and every line that can be erased without omitting an important detail. What remains in the end is all that *really counted* in the beginning.

Cultivate brevity and simplicity. "Savon Francais" may look smarter, but more people will understand "French Soap." Sir Isaac Newton's explanation of gravitation covers six pages, but the schoolboy's terse and homely "What goes up must come down" clinches the whole thing in six words.

(Copyright, 1908, by Tribune Company, Chicago.)

Dr. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

A grape cream of tartar powder. Makes pure, healthful, delicious food. No alum, no lime phosphate.

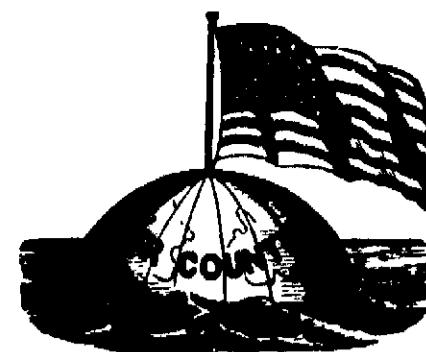
There is an infallible test by which every housewife may detect the unhealthful alum baking powders—

The label will tell

Study the label. If it does not say cream of tartar the baking powder is made from alum and must be avoided.

Wm. H. Taft's plurality in Wisconsin is 81,798, and that of Gov. Davidson, 87,128. While Taft had 5,042 more votes than Davidson, Bryan had 10,372 more votes than Aylward.

You all know how it happened in the recent election, and if you do not, drop the subject. It is now too late to discuss politics, whether you won or lost. There is something more important just now. Whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, a Prohibitionist or a Socialist, let the past be forgotten for the present, for the next two years or at least one year and a half, and all join hands as American citizens for the betterment of the entire country. If the side you believed in, advocated and worked for, came out second best in the race, "take your medicine" gracefully; on the other hand if your's was the victorious side, do not imagine you are the "whole thing" or overlook the fact that all things change, even though it may take time to bring about the pounds; 50 stock cars, capacity 60,000 pounds; 500 flat cars, 40 feet long, 60,000 pounds capacity; 500 box cars, 40 feet long, 80,000 pounds capacity; 250 furniture cars, 40 feet long, 80,000 pounds capacity; 100 refrigerator cars, 38 feet 8 inches long, capacity 60,000 pounds; 50 stock cars, capacity 60,000 pounds; 500 flat



STEVENS POINT, WIS., NOVEMBER 18, 1908.

NEWS NOTES FOR THE BUSY MAN

Most Important Happenings of the World
Told in Brief.

PERSONAL.

Secretary of the Navy Victor H. Metcalf tendered his resignation to the president to take effect December 1 on account of ill health. Assistant Secretary of the Navy Truman H. Newberry will be named as Mr. Metcalf's successor.

William Arnold Shanklin, president of Upper Iowa University, Fayette, Ia., was elected president of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

Dean Thomas Frederick Crane of the Cornell University faculty, who has been connected with the university for 41 years, has resigned.

Gov. Hughes filed his certificate of election expenses with the secretary of state of New York, giving his total expenditures as \$369.65.

Prof. Richard MacLaurin, head of the physics department of Columbia University, was appointed president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Emperor William was severely censured by leaders of all parties during the debate in the Reichstag on the interpellations concerning the conversations published with the permission of the emperor in the London Daily Telegraph.

Emperor William conferred on Count Zeppelin the Prussian order of the Black Eagle.

President Castro of Venezuela has been advised by his physicians to go to Europe for medical treatment for the malady from which he has been suffering recently.

Lord Sholto Douglas, brother to the present marquis of Queensbury, is held in the provincial jail at Nelson, B. C., for shooting a man named Rowland, probably fatally.

King Edward spent his sixty-seventh birthday at Sandringham.

GENERAL NEWS.

Francis J. Heney, a leading figure in the prosecution of municipal corruption in San Francisco, was shot and seriously injured Friday by Morris Haas, a saloon-keeper, who had been accepted as a juror in a previous trial and afterwards removed, it having been shown by the prosecution that he was an ex-convict.

Evidence was introduced by the prosecution in the Lamphere trial at Laporte, Ind., tending to prove that bodies found in the ruins of the Gunnness farmhouse were those of Mrs. Gunnness and her three children, of whose murderer Ray Lamphere is accused.

It was reported in Peking that the emperor of China was dead and the dowager empress dying. Two imperial edicts were issued in quick succession. The first makes Prince Chun regent of the empire and the second appoints his son, Pu Wei, heir presumptive.

In a boiler explosion at the Miller Lumber Company's plant at Pound, near Pound Gap, Ky., four men were killed and four more severely injured.

Three men were killed outright, two were fatally injured and two others were seriously hurt in an explosion at a sawmill plant in Wise county, Virginia.

The new divorce law, increasing the period of residence from six months to one year was carried on November 3 in South Dakota by a vote of two to one.

Francisco L. de la Barra, at present Mexican minister to the Netherlands, has been appointed to succeed Enrique C. Creel as Mexican ambassador at Washington.

University of Michigan alumni in New York have subscribed funds for the erection of a \$300,000 dormitory with an immense "commons" or eating room in Ann Arbor.

The appointment of Col. George H. Torney as surgeon general of the army to succeed Surg. Gen. R. M. O'Reilly was announced by the secretary of war.

Fire in the business district of Benton Harbor, Mich., destroyed property valued at \$125,000.

An unsuccessful attempt was made by a band of 25 Russians to rob a railroad train that was carrying \$12,500 to St. Petersburg.

Ex-Senator Carmack of Tennessee, who was killed in a street duel in Nashville by Robin Cooper, was buried at Columbia, large delegations from all over the state being present.

Nine men were killed in a collision of two Union Pacific freight trains at Borie, Wyo.

Four children perished in a fire that destroyed the country home of John Wampfler near Alliance, O.

George S. Terry of New York has been appointed assistant treasurer of the United States to succeed Hamilton Fish.

Prof. Mark W. Harrington, former chief of the United States weather bureau, who mysteriously dropped out of sight nearly ten years ago, has been found, a hopeless mental wreck, in the New Jersey Asylum for the Insane at Morris Plains.

Three hundred and thirty-nine men were killed in the Radbod mine near Hamm, Westphalia, by an explosion and resulting fire. Thirty-five were taken out badly injured.

A motor boat containing ten Chinamen and three white men was wrecked on the breakwall at Buffalo, N. Y., and six of the Orientals, who were being smuggled from Canada, lost their lives.

The Register and Leader of Des Moines, Ia., has bought the Daily Tribune, an afternoon Democratic daily.

The Illinois state board of equalization fixed the total assessed valuation of property in the state at \$1,263,515,156, against \$1,251,974,306 in 1907.

Mrs. Mary Wheeler Somerby of Newburyport, Mass., an aged widow, was declared to be the sole heir to an estate valued at \$100,000 by an order filed in the chancery court at Trenton, N. J.

Clarence Agnew, colored, was given a life sentence for causing a fatal wreck on the Southern railway near Duncan, S. C.

President Roosevelt Thursday received at the White House about 500 farmers and their wives, who were attending the convention of the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry.

The jury in the Lamphere murder case at Laporte, Ind., was completed, the state's attorney made his opening statement and the introducing of evidence was begun.

A cold blooded plot by a daughter to murder her mother for her money was exposed in the arrest of Miss Mae L. Otis of Chicago. The woman had arranged to have her mother beaten to death, but unwittingly hired detectives to do the deed.

Judge Taylor of the federal court at Cleveland, O., appointed Warren Hicknell and Frank A. Scott as joint receivers for the Municipal Traction Company and the Cleveland Railway Company.

Albert Berger, a former Alaska miner, just before committing suicide at Canyon Ferry, Mont., threw \$2,000 in post-office money orders payable to himself, in the stove.

One man was killed and 35 injured by an explosion in the Excelsior Springs Powder factory at Dodson, Mo.

Postmaster General Meyer announced that the postal deficit for the fiscal year ended June 30 amounted to \$16,910,279, the largest in the history of the post-office department.

Mrs. A. W. Bonds of Memphis, Tenn., killed S. P. Craig because he insulted and annoyed her.

Manila's new water system has been completed at a cost of \$2,000,000.

Dr. B. F. Bechtold, aged 63 years, Kulpsville, Pa., a patient in a private hospital in Philadelphia, was burned to death.

There were three of us, in Mr. De Camp's De Lux auto—C. E. De Camp, A. A. Bird and myself. Once you go hunting fat, juicy quail in a 60-horse power auto all other ways seem tame, flat and unprofitable.

"We whizzed down to Tia Juana, expecting to be gone one day. We were reported missing by the police one week and were sorry then that the time was so short.

"In old Mexico, you know, there is no open ground. You must have a permit to shoot, from the owner. Happily we had an introduction to Garcia, who has an 18,000-acre rancho near Ensenada. He fixed it for us, obligingly.

"At the customs house we had to put up a stiff bond for the guns and automobile, and 1½ cents for each shell. A pretty penny, yes, but the trip was worth it. The roads were fairly good. Then came the rain. I thought the end of the world had come. Rain? It poured down in buckets, I believe.

"Big game? There is none. But one fellow reported five deer the week before. We were after quail and they are there by the thousands. You could all but knock them over with a stout stick. The whirr of their wings made music all week. I never saw so many fat quail in all my life and never expect to again.

"On our return we could pass through the custom house only 25 birds apiece.

"For two days and two nights, none of us even so much as washed our faces. You know what a ranch house is in Old Mexico? The whole family uses it and the best we could do, as guests, was to be put in a small shanty house, in the rear. There were no beds, no bedding and no fire. We wrapped the drapery of the automobile robes about us and fell into the peaceful slumber that visits those whose consciences are without an offending word.

"We nearly froze to death nights. It was cold enough to grow icicles in

FAMOUS TIBETAN EXPLORER



Dr. Sven Hedin's second journey of exploration in Tibet is likely to prove of the greatest value. So much material has the doctor collected, indeed, that he has stated it will be three or four years before he has worked up all the information gained regarding tracts hitherto unknown to the western world.

During a considerable part of his journey the explorer went disguised as a common Ladakhi, his hands and face darkened with paint.

When strangers

were met he drove the baggage animals and sheep, as the inferior servant of the apparent head of the caravan, and was known as "Haji Baba." On several occasions the real business of the party was suspected by the Tibetans, and the doctor had several narrow escapes.

HUNTERS ON WHEELS

SHOOTING QUAIL FROM CAR IS THE LATEST.

Sportsmen, Making Tour of Old Mexico in Automobile, Start Up Wonderful Coveys of Fat Birds "Thick as Bees."

Los Angeles, Cal.—"Quail—honest Injun, they're as thick as bees in a hive!" exclaimed ex-Mayor M. P. Snyder, telling of his latest hunting trip in Old Mexico.

"Tire troubles? Well, yes; one 'busted' and it kept us busy for a long time, changing to a new one. Then, we lost all the screws out of our universal joint, which set us back two long, lonesome hours, filled with gray thoughts and an occasional cuss word in frontier Spanish.

"It was, of course, rough on us to sleep in auto robes, shoes and overcoats. We apologized for it to Garcia every morning. I think he noticed that we were not washing our faces. We felt guilty, but had a bully good time;

and think Old Mexico is the only place for an auto hunting trip, after fat juicy quail. Say, once again, the quail are, honest Injun, as thick as bees in a hive. It makes my mouth water to think of it."

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GOOD BOY FINDS GOLD.

Preferred Industry to Circus, and Discovered a Mine.

Charlotte, N. C.—Choosing rather to pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred pounds than to enjoy the pleasures of a circus for a season, Master Gilbert Teeter, 11 years of age, who lives near Matthews, in Mecklenburg county, found a gold mine in the cotton patch.

"Gilbert," said his father, the day before the circus came to Charlotte, "you can go to the circus in Charlotte to-morrow, if you want to, or you can stay home and pick cotton at 50 cents a hundred."

"If I were you I would go and see the circus," said his mother.

"But this pretty cotton weather will not last long, mother," said Gilbert, "and Daddy wants to get it all in as quick as he can."

So while the big tent went up and the lion roared and the elephants paraded and the camels humped themselves and the calliope sang its smoky song and the clown acted the fool and the red-legged lady on the white horse jumped through the burning hoop, and while all the rest of the Mecklenburg children watched the three rings with wide-open eyes, Gilbert Teeter, future captain of industry, stayed cheerfully at home and picked cotton. As he pushed the fluffy staple into his tow-sack he spied a shiny something where the people had been digging out rock to make a macadam road.

"I'll show these to Daddy," said Gilbert, as Gilbert unloaded his yellow nuggets that night. A Charlotte jeweler said so, too, and paid Gilbert \$20.70 for the nuggets. Besides, he had made 53 cents picking 106 pounds of cotton, and now he has \$21.23 deposited in a Charlotte bank.

CIGAR HELPED WIN BATTLE.

Gen. U. S. Grant's Son Gives an Incident of Fort Donelson.

Detroit, Mich.—Maj. Gen. Fred D. Grant, who is presiding at the court-martial now in session at Fort Wayne, in the western suburbs of the city, is said to have the stub of the cigar that helped his father, U. S. Grant, in winning the battle of Fort Donelson. Speaking of this incident Gen. Grant said:

"My father was in conference with Admiral Foote on the latter's flagship and had just accepted a cigar from the admiral when word came to him that the left flank of his force was being repulsed. Hurrying ashore and galloping on a fleet horse to the battlefield he succeeded in rallying his forces so completely that chaos was turned into victory. Gen. Buckner had to comply with my father's demand for an unconditional surrender.

"The newspapers took up the fact that father had rushed from the warship to the battlefield without taking Admiral Foote's cigar from his mouth. The dispatches from the front told how father had come onto the battlefield cool and collected and peacefully smoking a long, black cigar."

SOLVES TRAMP PROBLEM.

Jail Clears Vagrant Gentry from Woodbury.

Woodbury, N. J.—Woodbury will endeavor to settle the tramp question this winter and every one arrested from now on will be sentenced to jail for 90 days by Mayor Ladd. They will be turned over to the water and sewer department chiefs, with instructions to work them hard all day, without pay, and at night returned to jail in charge of Sheriff Wilson.

The first to receive such a sentence was a big umbrella mender. He smiled when the mayor said 90 days, as it meant snug quarters for that length of time, but when the working part was added the situation was different. Another hobo named Carney, who just finished a sentence, applied to the sheriff for another night's lodging, but when he heard what would follow Woodbury did not hold him long.

There is a camp, or has been up to the other morning on the outskirts of the city for about a dozen men, who have been an annoyance to people. The men "skiddooed," and not one has been seen since.

Has to Race for His Bride.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Taunted for his age by his prospective father-in-law, William A. Klein, who is 40, has challenged the farmer, who is of the same age, to race for the hand of Marie, the daughter, 18. They agreed to run a race of 200 yards. If Klein wins he wins Marie for his wife. If he loses the race he must not visit her again. Marie, who rides a bicycle, is going to train Klein and set a pace for him.

MURDERS FOUR MEN

BLOODY WORK BY A NEGRO IN OKMULGEE, OKLA.

HE IS THEN SLAIN BY MOB

Sheriff and Police Official Among His Victims—Quiet Restored When Governor Prepares to Send Troops.

Oklmulgee, Okla.—Five persons were killed and ten others wounded Sunday afternoon in a fight between Jim Deckard, a negro desperado, and law officers.

The dead: Edgar Robinson, sheriff of Okmulgee county; Henry Klaber, assistant chief of police of Okmulgee; two negroes named Chapman, brothers; Jim Deckard, negro.

The disturbances began at the St. Louis & San Francisco railroad station where Jim Deckard engaged in a fight with an Indian boy, Steve Grayson, and beat him into insensibility with a rock. Friends of Grayson notified the police and when Policeman Klaber went to the station Deckard fled to his house nearby, barricaded himself in and when Klaber approached Deckard shot and instantly killed him.

Sheriff Robinson gathered a posse in a few minutes and hurried to the scene. Part of this posse was made up of a group of negroes, whom the sheriff commissioned as deputies. As the posse approached the house Deckard opened fire with a rifle, firing as rapidly as he could load his weapon. The sheriff fell first, instantly killed. Then two of the negro deputies were slain.

Deckard's house was soon surrounded by a frenzied mob of armed men. Fire was set to a house just north of Deckard's. Volleys were poured into Deckard's house and he was shot down. He was seen to roll over on the floor, strike a match and set fire to his own house, which was soon a roaring furnace in which his body was baked.

Gov. Haskell at Guthrie was notified of the battle and of the bad feeling between whites and negroes that had grown out of it and threatened a race riot. The governor at once ordered the militia company at Muskogee to prepare to go to Okmulgee and a special train was made ready to carry the troops, the governor, remaining at his office to keep in touch with the situation. News of the preparation to send militia here had a



"Perhaps You'd Like to Hire the Whole Shebang?" Says I, Sarcastic.

MR. PRATT.
By Joseph C. Lincoln
Author of "Cap'n Eri" "Partners of the Tide"
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CHAPTER I.
The Masters.

I heard about the pair first from Emeline Eldredge, "Emmie T." we always call her. She was first mate to the cook at the Old Summer Home house that summer. She came down to the landing one morning before breakfast and hove alongside of where I was setting in the stern of my sloop, the Dora Bassett, untangling fish lines. She had a tin pail in her fist, indicating that her sailing orders was to go after milk. But she saw me and run down in ballast to swap yarns.

"My sakes! Mr. Pratt," says she; "have you heard about Nate Scudder?"

"Yes," I says. "Ever since I come to Wellmouth."

"I mean about what him and his wife has just done," says she. "It's the queerest thing! You'll never guess it in the world."

"Ain't been giving his money to the poor, has he?" says I, for, generally speaking, it takes a strong man and a cold chisel to separate Nate Scudder from a cent.

"Oh! ain't you the funniest thing!" she squeals. "No indeed! He's let his house to some city folks, and—"

"Ain't that the cook calling you?" I asks. I'm a homeopath when it comes to Emmie T.; I like to take her in small doses—she agrees with me better that way.

It was the cook, and Emeline kited off after the milk, only stopping long enough to yell back: "Folks say they're dreadful rich and stylish. I'll tell you next time I see you."

Well, I cal'lated she wouldn't—not if I saw her first—and didn't pay no more attention to the yarn, except to think that June was pretty early for city folks to be renting houses. There was only three or four boarders at the Old Home so far, and I was to take a couple of 'em over to Trumet in the sloop that very day.

But, while we was on the way over, one of the couple—sort of a high-toned edition of Emmie T. she was—she turns to her messmate, another pullet from the same coop, and says she: "Oh! say!" she says. "Have you heard about the two young fellers from New York who've rented that Scudder house on the—on the—what do they call it? Oh, yes' the Neck road. I heard Nettie Brown say they were too dear for anything. Let's drive past there to-morrow; shall we?"

So there it was again, and I began to wonder what sort of critters Nate had hooked. I judged that they must be a kind of goldfish or he wouldn't have had for 'em. Nate ain't the man to be satisfied with a mess of sculps.

I landed the boarders at Trumet and they went up to the village to do some shopping. Then I headed across the harbor to shake hands with the Trumet light keeper, who is a friend of mine. His wife told me he'd gone over to town, too, so I come about and back to the landing again. And I'm to ask something. I'm worried.

"Yes; I was," I says. "They come day after yesterday—early," say he.

"Um-hum. So I heard," I says.

He fidgeted a minute or so more.

Then he took me by the arm and led me back to the keg.

"Sol," he says, "set down. I want to ask you something. By gum! I got

blessed if there wasn't Nate Scudder himself, setting on a mackerel keg at the end of the wharf and looking worried.

I hadn't hoisted the jib on the way down and now I let the mainsail drag and went forward.

"Hello, Nate!" I hailed, as the Dora Bassett slid up to the wharf.

He kind of jumped, and looked at me as if he'd just wakened up.

"Hello, Sol!" he says sort of mournful. Then he turned his eyes toward

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